

Good Morning 488

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

LEIGH SCULLY
reveals the secret
how vital fuel
travels ahead of
our advancing
armies.

War on Magic Pipes

AS Canadian, British and American tanks and heavy armoured vehicles, Bren gun carriers and jeeps roll out over the network of roads leading to the war fronts, a great struggle begins to keep them filled with fuel.

The secret can now be revealed that the Allies have been running the war in Sicily and Tunisia on magic tubes. A vast engineering network of pipelines is being run ahead of the tanks and mobile guns.

"We have handled never fewer than five varieties of oil and juice," a dungaree-clad engineer said, an uncouth figure, blackened with oil. In prewar days he was a famous consulting engineer.

"There is," he explained, "the 100-octane fuel for bombers and fighters, 97-octane stuff for certain other aircraft, even lower octane fuel for tanks, Diesel oil and several varieties of lubricating oil. We have to get the stuff transported in thousands of gallons, keeping pace with the tanks and mobile guns. During the North African fighting for the first time we tried piping the fuel and oil along to the battle front."

It can now be stated that this war pipeline, in various sizes from 4 ins. to 6 ins. in diameter, can be laid ahead of the advancing armies at the rate of 30 miles a day. It received its first test under fire in Tunisia.

In Sicily, a flexible pipeline delivered fuel from tankers to aircraft and tank formations up at the front. By the time the fighting in this area was over, the pipeline had wiggled along a good part of the coast to Messina.

It is not just a line of portable piping along which oil or fuel is pumped. This magic pipeline passes the various

grades of fuel and oil, all pumped through the same line without any appreciable mixing!

The secret of the war pipeline was discovered in a hush-hush laboratory where miniature glass pipelines were erected and various densities of oil and fuel pumped through.

It was found that liquids moving gently at their own speed along a pipe mixed readily, but if forced to travel fast under pressure (3 miles an hour is a good speed in a pipeline) they do not mix.

Along the war tubes, a constant stream of "tenders" is running—this being a pipeline term for a train of fuel. At predetermined points along the main pipe, which is made up of 20-ft. sections, each light enough for one man to lift, there are pressure gauges and sensitive Thermostats.

At the delivery end, 5,000 barrels of aviation high-octane fuel may be pumped in, followed by 200 barrels of lubricating oil for tanks. After this may come another tender of kerosene.

At one point, a terminal operator will have to draw off the aircraft fuel. The tank oil must run on to another distributing point. Yet the engineers on the lines know just when to start drawing off and when to stop.

The despatchers know from minute to minute and mile to mile where every gallon of each liquid is.

At carefully camouflaged points along the pipeline they built pumping stations, each a miniature motor-driven pump smaller than an N.F.S. trailer pump. These reserve pumps were run continuously, so that if part of the pipeline is bombed or torn open, the pres-

sure could be stepped up to tide over the emergency.

In a camouflaged tent at the terminal point is a large map which shows not only the wriggling network of the existing pipeline but the areas in which new 20 feet sections can be run out at the rate of one mile an hour for each new section.

This is the new fuel line snaking along at the heels of the advancing armies.

On these maps are little flags and coloured ribbons, each colour being a symbol for a different oil or fuel pumped along the lines, and just as the war fuels do not blend under pressure, it may soon be possible to send drinking water, liquid ammonia and several other liquids essential for operations, along the line.

There were enough 20 ft. sections of the pipe already manufactured a long time ago to stretch all the way to Berlin.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Where it says Born, state exact date. 'Yes' won't do!"



Mother wants you to have this photo, A.B. Charles Larter

WE would rather have shown you a photograph of your Mother up and about, A.B. Charles Larter—but you know about the broken leg. Even in Lowestoft Hospital she still wanted to be photographed for you to see.

She wants you to know she is being well looked after and is very comfortable. She sends her love, and hopes it will not be long before you are home. Bobbie is in her thoughts, too, but she hasn't heard from her just lately. She, too (Bobbie), looks forward to your next leave, which apparently is a big occasion for both of you!

Brother Stanley and Grace wonder where the icing for the cake is coming from—not in your line, is it? Maybe the Isle of Man can do something about this, for, of course, there must be icing.

By the way, your Dad should be home September 24th. George is fit and well, and so is Allan, who is home on leave.

Aunt Emma says she is coming back to Lowestoft if she can fix things up at Hoveton. Roy is staying with Stanley and Grace. Marie is now one year old and very lively.

Tell Frank Fagg all are well at Kimberley-road, and many pals asked after him—especially Uncle Joe. In the photograph, Mrs. Larter is being read a letter from Charles by her son, Stanley.

No. 122 sends news to A.B. Leslie Pullen

WHEN our reporter called at 122 Canterbury-rd., Croydon, A.B. Leslie Robert Pullen, your mother was out, but little Pat, your sister Lil's kiddie, guided him up to her house. Your sister said Mum was out shopping, but his second visit found her at home and eager to retail the news for you. Here it is.

Brother Sid in Italy is O.K. and in the best of health, and wants to hear from you. The order has been placed for a few pints of extra large size down at the "Golden Lion." They lost their window down there, but the bar is still standing. Both Mum's and Lil's houses are O.K.

Brother Alf, who is in Jap hands, is all right, and is in the same camp as Alf Peckham, whose mother came round and



told Mrs. Pullen this news. Fred's on the same old job, and Albert is still jogging along. Bella and the babies are quite well, and Wal and Muriel are both fine and still working.

Muriel went to her first football match a fortnight

ago, when Tottenham played the Arsenal, and she came back very thrilled.

They are all looking forward to a speedy reunion, and meantime send their love.

P.S.—Mum says, "Write more often."

Here's the Ring . . . A.B. Ronald Bedford

WE don't have to give you much detailed news from 372 Aikenhead-road, Glasgow, A.B. Ronald Bedford—your fiancée tells us she writes four times a week—but still, we will try to find a couple of things she has missed.

You know, of course, that she has her engagement ring now? Too bad you have to wait to see it, though maybe you can pick it out in the picture. It's a honey of a ring, with two small diamonds and a larger one set in a square in between.

We had to call several times because she was working late, but when we did get to ask Miss Natalie Zakharoff how she was she said, "Och, I'm as fit as a fiddle," and it would be hard to imagine anyone looking more radiant.

We had to interrupt the interview for a while because the lady of the house brought us in some fish and chips and steaming hot tea—and as a fellow Englishman you will appreciate how grateful we were after eleven hours' plodding around Glasgow. We would like you to thank the lady if you will.

And, talking of England, your young brother put in some good work on the side of the Sassenachs when Miss Zakharoff visited your home recently—in fact, he almost convinced her that England was in every way superior to the place higher up on the map.

The lady liked Northampton quite a lot—the people were very friendly, and your family were the most charming folk she had met, she told us. One thing she couldn't understand



—how did everyone in the town know so much about her? It was very flattering, but just a trifle embarrassing at times, though she loved every minute of it.

Remember John Billings and George? They both send greetings to you, and are looking forward to a grand reunion one day. You knew, of course, that George had transferred from the R.A.F. to the Royal Navy?

Your next leave plans, beside the big event, include some walks around Loch Lomond and visits to the Playhouse. Some piano-playing will be on the request list, too.

Here's a friendly warning to you—any more talk about your knees and you will be

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Lord of the Vanishing Teeth

THE party of natives still came on. It struck me that they could not know what rifles were, or they would not have treated them with such contempt.

"Put down your guns!" I halloed to the others, seeing that our only chance of safety lay in conciliation.

"Greeting," I said in Zulu, not knowing what language to use. To my surprise I was understood.

"Greeting," answered the man, not, indeed, in the same tongue, but in a dialect so closely allied to it that neither Umbopa nor myself had any difficulty in understanding it.

"Whence come you?" he went on, "what are ye? and why are the faces of three of you white, and the face of the fourth as the face of our mother's sons?" and he pointed to Umbopa. I looked at Umbopa as he said it, and it flashed across me that he was right. Umbopa was like the faces of the men before me, so was his great form.

"We are strangers, and come in peace," I answered, speaking very slow, so that he might understand me, "and this man is our servant."

"Ye lie," he answered; "no strangers can cross the mountains where all things die. But what do your lies matter?—if ye are strangers then ye must die, for no strangers may live in the land of the Kukuanas. It is the king's law. Prepare then to die, O strangers!"

I saw the hands of some of the party of men steal down to their



sides, where hung on each a large and heavy knife.

"What does that beggar say?" asked Good.

"He says we are going to be killed," I answered grimly.

We are Taken for Gods

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Good; and, as was his way when perplexed, put his hand to his false teeth, dragging the top set down and allowing them to fly back to his jaw with a snap. It was a most fortunate move, for next second the dignified crowd of Kukuanas gave a simultaneous yell of horror, and bolted back some yards.

"What's up?" said I. "It's his teeth," whispered Sir Henry excitedly. "He moved them. Take them out, Good, take them out!"

He obeyed, slipping the set into the sleeve of his flannel shirt.

In another second curiosity had overcome fear, and the men advanced slowly.

"How is it, O strangers," asked the old man solemnly, "that this fat man (pointing to Good, who had nothing on but a flannel shirt, and had only half finished his shaving) whose body is clothed, and whose legs are bare, who grows hair on one side of his sickly face and not on the other, and who wears one shining and transparent eye, has teeth that move of themselves, coming away from the jaws and returning of their own will?"

"Open your mouth," I said to Good, who promptly curled up his lips and grinned at the old gentleman like an angry dog, revealing to his astonished gaze two thin red lines of gum as utterly innocent of ivory as a new-born elephant.

"Where are his teeth?" they shouted; "with our eyes we saw them."

Turning his head slowly, Good swept his hand across his mouth. Then he grinned again, and lo, there were two rows of lovely teeth.

The young man who had flung the knife threw himself down

on the grass and gave vent to a prolonged howl of terror; and as for the old gentleman, his knees knocked together with fear. "I see that ye are spirits," he said falteringly. Pardon us, O my lords.

Here was luck indeed, and, needless to say, I jumped at the chance. "It is granted," I said with an imperial smile. "Nay, ye shall know the truth. We come from another world, though we are men such as ye; we come," I went on, "from the biggest star that shines at night."

"Oh! oh!" groaned the chorus of astonished aborigines. "Now, friends," I continued, "ye might think that we should strike in death the impious hand that threw a knife at the head of him whose teeth come and go."

"Spare him, my lords," said the old man in supplication; "he is the king's son, and I am his uncle. If anything befalls him his blood will be required at my hands."

"Yes, that is certainly so," put in the young man with great emphasis. "You may perhaps doubt our

power to avenge," I went on. "Stay, I will show you. Here, thou dog and slave (addressing Umbopa in a savage tone), give me the magic tube that speaks"; and I tipped a wink towards my express rifle.

Umbopa rose to the occasion, and handed me the rifle.

"It is here, O Lord of Lords," he said with a deep obeisance.

"Ye see that buck," I said, pointing the animal out to the party before me. "Tell me, is it possible for man born of woman to kill it from here with a noise?"

"It is not possible, my lord," answered the old man.

"Yet shall I kill it," said I quietly.

The old man smiled. "That my lord cannot do," he said.

I raised the rifle and covered the buck. It was a small animal, and one which a man might well be excused for missing, but I knew that it would not do to miss.

I drew a deep breath, and slowly pressed on the trigger. "Bang! thud!" The buck sprang into the air and fell on the rock dead as a door nail. A

But A was seen at the "Blue Boar" seven minutes from the station, between 4.30 p.m. and 5.25 p.m., when he left to look for his cap which he had lost. B did not attend the races at all, but was observed on the platform at the London terminus five minutes after the 6 p.m. from Dripton arrived with the returning racegoers, saying he had come to meet D. D confessed to his sister that he had thrown a cap with A's name on it down a well, thinking that A had done the murder. Who was the murderer? (Answers in No. 489.)

Answers to Test No. 10.

1. 81.
2. Eggs are not obtained from the cow; the others are.
3. "Tile" (hat).
4. 15 miles. The speeds of the cyclists need not be considered. It is only necessary to note that the fly flew at 30 m.p.h. for half an hour.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of
RIDER HAGGARD

groan of terror burst from the group before us. "Surely his slaves shall carry the touch them," said the old man.

"Ye see," I said, "I do not speak empty words. If ye yet doubt our power, let one of you go stand upon that rock that I may make him as this buck."

The old gentleman did not take the suggestion in good part. "No! no!" he ejaculated hastily, "my old eyes have seen enough."

"Listen, children of the stars, children of the shining eye and the movable teeth, who roar out in thunder and slay from afar. I am Infadoos, son of Kafa, once king of the Kukuana people. This youth is Scragga, son of Twala, the great king—Twala, husband of a thousand and wives, chief and lord paramount of the Kukuanas, keeper of the great Road, student of the Black Arts, leader of an hundred thousand warriors, Twala the eyed, the Black, the Terrible."

"But I want to put 'em on!" roared Good, in nervous English. Umbopa translated.

"Nay, my lord," put in Infadoos, "would my lord cover up his beautiful white legs from the eyes of his servants? Have we offended my lord that he should do such a thing?"

Here I nearly exploded with laughing.

"Damn it!" roared Good, "that black villain has got my trousers."

"Look here, Good," said Sir Henry, "you have appeared in this country in a certain character, and you must live up to it. It will never do for you to put on trousers again. Henceforth you must exist in a flannel shirt, a pair of boots, and an eye-glass."

"Yes," I said, "and with whiskers on one side of your face and not on the other. If you change any of these things they will think that we are impostors. I am very sorry for you, but, seriously, you must do it."

"If once they begin to suspect us our lives will not be worth a brass farthing."

(To be continued)

To Meet Twala

"So," said I superciliously, "lead us then to Twala. We do not talk with low people and underlings."

"It is well, my lords, we will lead you, but the way is long."

"It is well," I said carelessly; "all time is before us, for we do not die. We are ready, lead on."

"But Infadoos, and thou Scragga, beware! Play us no tricks, for before your brains of mud have thought of them we shall know them and avenge them. The light from the transparent eye of him with the bare legs and the half-haired face shall destroy you, and go through your land; his vanishing teeth shall fix themselves fast in you and eat you up, you and your wives and children; the magic tubes shall talk with you loudly, and make you as sieves. Beware!"

The old man made a deep obeisance and murmured the word "Koom, Koom," which I afterwards discovered was their royal salute, and turning, addressed his followers. These at once proceeded to lay hold of all our goods and chattels, in order to bear them for us, excepting only the guns, which they would on no account touch. They even seized Good's clothes, which were neatly folded up beside him.

He at once made a dive for them, and a loud altercation ensued.

"Let not my lord of the transparent eye and the melting teeth

WANGLING WORDS—427

1. Insert five consonants in: *E*E*E*E*E, and make a common word.

2. Rearrange the letters of: B. RICE BAG, QUIZ BEE, and GIVEN TUT, and get three card games.

3. In the following four hidden geometrical figures the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 37162489, H9X6452, 79C362489, P9236452.

4. Find the two hidden weapons in: Why, Alf, I've been thinking Uncle Stan knew you all the time!

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 426

1. STRENGTHEN.
2. ROEHAMPTON, TWICKENHAM.
3. Cirrus, Stratus, Cumulus, Nimbus.
4. Rob-ot.

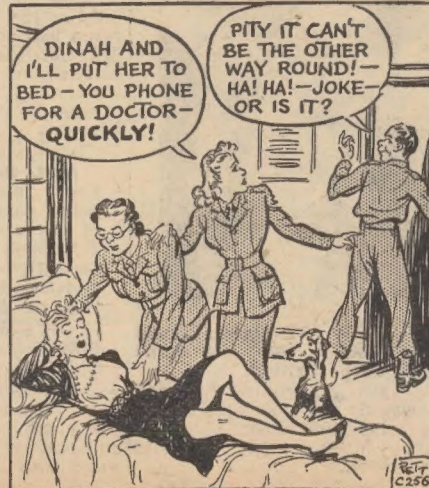
QUIZ for today

1. Smalt is fermented barley, sauce, blue pigment, Maltese language, precious stone?
2. What name is given to a group of (a) boars, (b) curs?
3. For what girls' names are the following "short"? Molly, Effie, Nellie.
4. What is the highest mountain in England?
5. How many Christian names of the Bach family of musicians can you recollect?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Prominent, Permanent, Pannelled, Preliminary, Presentment.

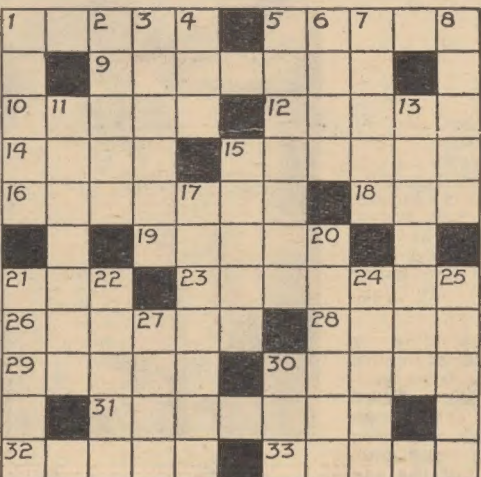
Answers to Quiz in No. 487

1. Musical instrument.
2. (a) Muster, (b) Nide.
3. (a) Matilda or Patricia, (b) Wilhelmina, (c) Sarah.
4. Ebony.
5. Sardinia.
6. Stickleback, Territory, Interrogate.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Abrupt.
- 5 Carriage.
- 9 Chief.
- 10 Order.
- 12 Vex playfully.
- 14 Peer.
- 15 Grated upon.
- 16 Corrected.
- 18 Printing measures.
- 19 Wild beast.
- 21 Afflict.
- 23 Malta's capital.
- 26 Nimble beast.
- 28 Top deck.
- 29 On the move.
- 30 Coconut product.
- 31 Show zeal.
- 32 Ottomans.
- 35 Headgear.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Kid-skin.
- 2 Similar.
- 3 Late.
- 4 Opportune.
- 5 Fortress.
- 6 Numbers.
- 7 Open-mouthed.
- 8 Attends to.
- 11 Lay figures.
- 13 Member of Parliament.
- 15 Magnificent.
- 17 Amuses.
- 20 Place.
- 21 Bride.
- 22 More advanced.
- 24 Drinker.
- 25 Separately.
- 27 Decline.
- 30 Young animal.

PROFIT THEN
TOWA USUAL
FLED BUNAL
FENDS MERCE
L YARE SIX
EWE TARS A
ALPENSTOCK
SIDE TAUT I
AVERY UNTIL
KESTREL EAT
ETHY TURNS

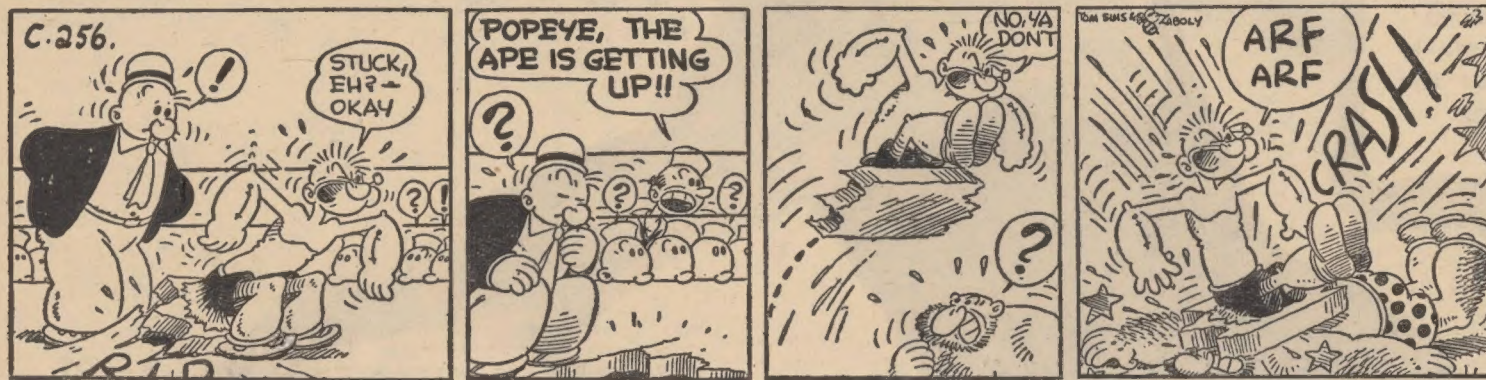
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

GUILTY NATIONS.

A NATION has no general consciousness of guilt. . . . In calm retrospect and at a long distance from the actual events a nation may be critical of itself in certain phases of its development, but that attitude of critical detachment is only possible when the actors have long ago passed from the scene, and even so, such critical weighing of motive and method cannot be classed as repentance.

Rev. S. M. Berry, D.D.

COMMUNITY SPIRIT.

A NEW community spirit has grown in this country with the impact of war. Its preservation and development will be an urgent post-war problem. It is a commonplace to attribute many of the shortcomings of the pre-war society to the apathy of individuals, yet apathy will inevitably return unless practical measures are taken to associate the individual with the community. . . . The "democratic way of life" and "good community living" will remain pious aspirations while they are merely talked about.

Air Vice-Marshal H. K. Thorold.

CRICKET.

CRICKET is pre-eminently a game of character and a true product of the English temperament. It is both an individualistic game—like golf and lawn tennis—and a team game like football and hockey. It is one more illustration of our tendency to seek the best of both worlds. . . . Small wonder that our national game should also be a synthesis, a contradiction in terms, a sort of compromise. Cricket has developed into the sort of game it is because we are the sort of people we are.

Elton Ede.

MARRIAGE.

INEVITABLY in marriage a woman plays for safety and security and wants the husband to do the same, with the result that over and over again I have seen young men full of intellectual or artistic promise degenerate into the ordinary middle-class husband, going home every evening to the wife, the fireside, the crossword, and the football pool, with all the generous fires of his youthful idealism banked down by the cares and comforts of marriage.

Dr. C. E. M. Joad.

ENGLAND.

THE spiritual power of England lies only indirectly in her great political leaders; it lies primarily in the hearts of the common people, the tired women who wait so patiently in fish queues, the soldiers who fight in a spirit of chivalry and mercy in spite of spasmodic efforts to instil into them hatred and brutality; the subordinate leaders who absorb from our great public schools the tradition of service. The spirit of the country must be reflected in its leaders; and when England behaves unworthily it is generally because the true issue has been misrepresented to the people.

Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding.

HAVE YOU CHANGED?

IN a country at war the ideal citizen is one who exhibits a genius for homicide. For the last four years the manhood of this country has striven devotedly in pursuit of that ideal, and it is impossible either to overestimate their success in that endeavour, or to be sufficiently grateful for the self-sacrifice involved in it. But one thing, at least, we can and must do. We must be but little surprised and still less resentful if the arduous and distasteful training to which, in our defence, they have for so long submitted has a permanent effect on their subsequent behaviour.

Dr. Harold Dearden.

HATRED.

THE Germans are to-day in that unique position of hating everybody except themselves, and perhaps Japan. . . . At the same time the Germans are in the unique situation that their present regime and all it implies is hated by everybody—even if some of us who are more civilised are not such good haters as the brown-shirted valhallists. In my estimation, perhaps the most deadly sin Hitler committed was radiating and causing more hating than any man in history—if not in the world, surely in Europe.

Jan Masaryk (Czech Foreign Minister).

Alex Cracks

A conceited youth, who was not too conscientious about his work, had the temerity to ask his chief for an increase of salary.

"H'm," commented the big man, "and what are you doing now?"

"Various odd jobs, sir," was the reply. "Odd jobs?" queried the chief, who knew the lad's true worth. "Then you'd better make a bolt for the door."

SAILOR BEWARE!

"Do not trust her, gentle mariner ; she's got that look in her eye that we once saw in the eyes of a mermaid posing on a rock off Wapping Old Stairs. Come to think of it, come-hither Marjorie Riordan, Warner's black bomber, looks uncommonly like that mermaid. Must be the fish-net hose — or something."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A nice tail cut
of mermaid goes
down well."

